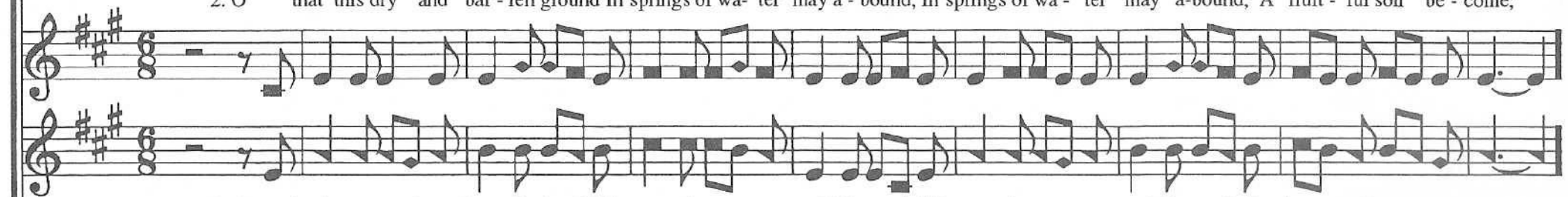


A Major Anonymous

Alexander Johnson, 1821.



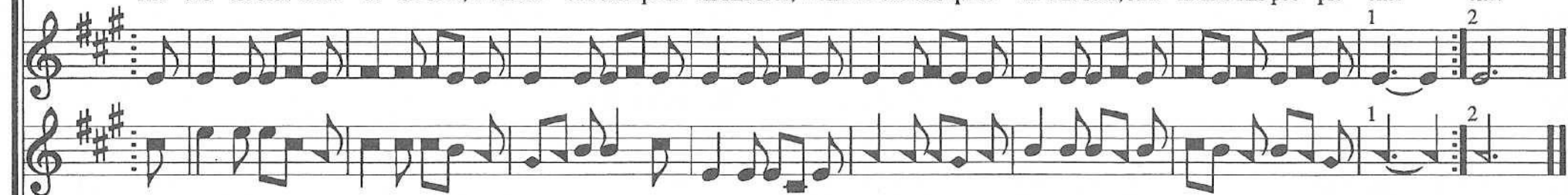
1. The Lord in - to His gar-den comes, The spic - es yield their rich per-fumes, The spic-es yield their rich per-fumes, The lil - ies grow and thrive;
 2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a - bound, In springs of wa - ter may a-bound, A fruit - ful soil be - come;



3. Come, breth-ren, ye that love the Lord, Who taste the sweetness of His word, Who taste the sweetness of his word, In Je - sus' ways go on;
 4. The glo - rious time is roll-ing on, The gra - cious work is now be - gun, The gra - cious work is now be-gun, My soul a wit - ness is;



Re-fresh-ing show'rs of grace di-vine From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine, From Je - sus flow to ev-'ry vine, Which makes the dead re - vive. vive.
 The des - ert blos-soms as the rose, While Je - sus con-quers all His foes, While Je-sus con-quers all His foes, And makes His peo - ple one. one.



Our trou-bles and our tri - als here Will on - ly make us rich - er there, Will on - ly make us rich-er there, When we ar - rive at home. home.
 I taste and see the par-don free For all man-kind, as well as me, For all man-kind, as well as me, Who come to Christ may live. live.

